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FANNY:
OR, THE
HAPPY REPENTANCE.
[FROM THE FRENCH, OF M. D'ARNAUD.]

LORD WHATLEY had attained to thoſe years, that may not improperly be called the reign of the paſſions. His diſpoſition was naturally good, he had great ſenſibility, and an inſtinctive love of juſtice. But the thoughtleſs poſſeſſion of two-and-twenty, wealth, birth, and bad company (by which it is needleſs to ſay one means great company), theſe, together with the facility of boundleſs gratification, all equally deſtructive of reaſon and ſentiment, had overborne the voice of nature, that guardian voice, which, whenever we attend to it, calls us to the paths of truth: Diſtinguiſhed in the diſſipated circle at New-Market, the perfect model of every faſhionable folly, Whatley had all that was politely careleſs or agreeably extravagant, and, what was the foundation of the whole, a very fine eſtate in the county of Salop.

Sir Thomas Ward was his favorite. That gentleman had an engaging addreſs, and a ſeductive wit. He was a moſt eloquent profeſſor of vice, a moſt powerful advocate of pleaſure; for he had the art of giving a prevailing charm to every [illegible] he undertook to defend, and never before found so great difficulty in making the abject of Whatley:—A young mind is ſubſervient to the ſenſes, and eaſily yields to every flattering overture.

This nobleman, after having been agreeably entertained at dinner with his companions, his head full of voluptuous images, was walking alone in one of the vistas of his park. It led him, inſenſibly, to the houſe of one of his tenants whoſe name was Adams.

Lord Whatley was ſtruck with the figure of a girl who ſeemed to be about ſixteen, and was one of the farmer's youngeſt daughters. Ireland, ſo boaſted for beauties, never produced ſo fine a creature. Fanny was literally an angel from heaven; the dignity of her mind was diſplayed in her countenance, and modeſty gave a deeper bluſh to the roſes on her cheek. Her mouth, her glowing mouth was the ſeat of ten thouſand graces. Her ſkin was white as the glittering ſnow; her hair the moſt beautiful brown, and her eyes had a charm, of which words can give no idea. Suffice it to ſay, that it was impoſſible to look upon her, without two ſentiments that carried away the heart; that is, admiration, and the whole energy of love. The latter ſoon made its inroads on the heart of this young lord.

When Fanny ſpoke, every word went to the ſoul of Whatley, and completed her conqueſt. He would have laid his commands on Adams, but he was no longer the lord the maſter of Fanny, his farmer's daughter. He let fall ſome broken expreſſions; Fanny had confuſed him.

Adams had given his daughter an excellent education. She was cited as an example of prudence and politeneſs, through the whole diſtrict of Salop.—One of her relations, miniſter of a neighbouring parish, had taken pleaſure in forming and embelliſhing her mind; and to him ſhe was indebted for attainments far above her years. The precepts of the miniſter had not, however, prevented her from diſcovering that ſhe had a heart: The ſight of our young lord convinced her of it at once. He frequently repeated his viſit to the farmer, or rather to his daughter; and ſhe every time made a new impreſſion on him. He became penſive, melancholy; the whole artillery of the baronet's humour was played upon him in vain. It could not baniſh that dear, that delightful penſiveneſs which forever carried his heart towards the amiable daughter of Adams.

Fanny, one day, preſented him with a noſegay. My lord, ſaid ſhe, bluſhing, I could with theſe flowers were better: I gathered them on purpoſe for your lordſhip.—Flowers from your hand, moſt beautiful Fanny, muſt always be acceptable. This compliment, or rather this real expreſſion of what he felt, ſoon found its way to the heart of Fanny.—Her fine complexion aſſumed a deeper bluſh. Her parents had not heard the anſwer his lordſhip had made her.—Upon his return home, he gave the flowers a thouſand Kiſſes. He addreſſed himſelf to them as if he had been ſpeaking to Fanny. The baronet did not fail to treat him like a Celadon, or an Artemenes. My dear friend, ſaid he, you muſt [illegible] those pitcous French romances. You muſt never ſhew your face in London; you will be pointed at as you paſs along the ſtreet. I thought you would have made an incomparable Lovelace, but you are Menalcas by a fountain ſide.

Sir Thomas accompanied his friend to the farmer's. He ſaw Fanny. He was diſconcerted; he had need of the whole force of his wit and humour to defend himſelf againſt the ſtroke that had wounded Whatley. He attempts to addreſs himſelf in the language of the town to the reſpectable villager. She ſpeaks. He is in confuſion. Sir Thomas, at length, reſumes his pleaſantry. He retires to have ſome private converſation with Adams. The worthy old man returns, lifting up his eyes to heaven, diſtracted, pale, ready to ſink into the ground, death in his countenance. Go, my children. Ah, my lord! throwing himſelf with folded hands, and ſtreaming eyes, at the feet of Whatley, what have I done, that you have ſworn my ruin and diſgrace? That gentleman, ſaid he, my dear, addreſſing himſelf to his wife, and pointing to the baronet, has offered me money to give up Fanny to my lord. To think us capable of ſuch baſeneſs, of proſtituting the dear child we have brought up!—Take our lives, my lord, but leave us our honour; it is the only poſſeſſion we have. Are we then no longer worthy to be your ſervants,? You, you then, had no ſuch deſign. It is you, ſir, who have given his lordſhip ſuch counſel as this. Alas! what would my lord his father have ſaid? He treated us like his children.

No, my dear Adams, interrupted Whatley, I never had any ſuch horid idea. This is the inſufferable pleaſantry of my friend. Set your heart at eaſe. Certainly, my lord, anſwered he, I never could apprehend that you ſhould ſo far forget your former goodneſs to the grateful creatures that are always bleſſing you. As to you, ſir, ſaid he, turning to ſir Thomas, I muſt tell you, that if theſe are your pleaſantries, they are very vile ones: we may be poor, but we have a ſenſe of honour as well as you. If one of my equals, added he, with a voice choaked up with grief, had made me ſuch an infamous propoſal, I ſhould have gone to theſe extremities which have now been prevented by reſpect. I tell you once more, my dear Adams, my friend did not mean to inſult you; he was only in jeſt; I aſk your pardon for him; and he goes.

Do you aſk pardon for me, ſaid Sir Thomas? Undoubtedly, and you ought to aſk it of the meaneſt perſon you have offended; then he is our ſuperior, our maſter. How cruel to be the occaſion of my ſuffetings! you have offended the father of Fanny.

I have deſcribed Whatley, as one of thoſe young lords, that conceal all their defects under the varniſh of politeneſs. I am not now inconſiſtent;—but love works miracles. It had made of a frivolous and inſolent lord, a timorous and reſpectful lover, and had opened his mind to the influences of virtue. The complaints of poor Adams had vexed him, and Sir Thomas muſt have been connected with him in the cloſeſt intimacy, as the conduct of that worthleſs man of faſhion was not followed by an open rupture.

Whatley was diſtreſſed. He adored Fanny, yet he did not dare to ſee her. He was equally afraid of ſeeing the father and daughter. His friends dragged him to London, and plunged him once more in all thoſe faſhionable follies and extravagancies, which the world calls pleaſure.

Adams, from that moment, had loſt that chearfulneſs which is the happy portion of the inhabitants of the country. He was not ſatisfied with lord Whatley's promiſes. He looked upon his daughter's growing beauties with a ſigh, and the tear was ſometimes ready to overflow the eyelid.

My dear father, ſaid Fanny, may I aſk you the reaſon why you appear ſo ſad? I have obſerved that for ſome time your looks have been fixed on me: and you ſhed tears: Can I have given you, my tender parent, any reaſon to be diſſatisfied? will you no longer love your poor Fanny?—Child, obſerve what I ſay, and anſwer me ingeniouſly. Indeed, dear ſir, I have always ſpoke the truth to you.

Tell me, then, what are your ſentiments of my lord? what do you think of him? ſpeak the truth. I think, father, ſaid ſhe, with bluſhing cheeks and down-caſt eyes,—I think him very amiable; do you not think the ſame? My dear child, you muſt learn to know men. This lord, whom you think ſo amiable, would have brought me and your poor mother with ſorrow to the grave; would have deprived me of all I hold moſt dear—of my beloved Fanny!—Sir! what is it you ſay? He would, my dear child, (claſping her to his boſom, and bathing her with his tears) he would have diſhonoured me; would have taken you for the indulgence of a licentious paſſion—for his miſtreſs. (Upon this he ſunk down into the arms of his daughter)—Heavens, what horrid wretches are men! who could have thought this of my lord? Take care, my dear Fanny, reſumed the father, take care of the ſnare that may be laid for you. Receive no letters from my

lord; never be a moment alone; be always, if poſſible, in the boſom of your father and mother. Remember that the greateſt of all poſſeſſions is innocence. Embrace me, my dear child, and be the glory and comfort of your parents.

Fanny wept. No, my worthy father, no, you never ſhall have reaſon to bluſh for me. I did not apprehend any thing like this from my lord. What a barbarous man to diſturb our happineſs! O that he may never come here! Gratitude and reſpect, my child, are due to him; and it will be your duty to obſerve a profound ſilence; only be directed by my advice.

Fanny, when alone, a thouſand times repeated, how can ſo amiable a man have ſuch ungenerous ſentiments? O that vile London! how has it depraved the heart of my lord Whatley! had he always lived here, certainly he would never have debaſed himſelf by ſuch a conduct.

His idea, nevertheleſs, was ſtill with Fanny; and, poſſibly, ſhe partook of the impreſſion he had made. Her lover, in vain, had recourſe to the diſſipation of his former amuſements. He had received a wound which the art of London could not cure. Every pleaſure yielded to the remembrance of Fanny; ſhe was in every ſcene, in every object.

[To be continued.]

On the Love of a Virtuous Wife.

BY MISON L'ANCLOS.

WERE I a man, and had the fortune to win a heart, with what parſimony would I uſe my advantage? How many gradations would I oblige myſelf to paſs through ſucceſſively and ſlowly? How many delicate pleaſures, unknown to the generality of men, would I, as it were create to myſelf? Like the miſer, I would inceſſantly contemplate my treaſure; rejoice in the richneſs of it; be conſcious that it conſtituted my higheſt felicity; place my whole ſcheme of happineſs in the poſſeſſion of it, in looking upon it as my own peculiar property, in being the abſolute diſpoſer of it; and yet ſtrengthen myſelf in the reſolution not to leſſen it by uſe. What tranſport, to read in the eyes of a lovely woman the dominion you have over her; to obſerve in all her actions relative to you, a ſtill encreaſing tenderneſs; to perceive her voice aſſume a ſofter tone whenever ſhe ſpeaks of, or to, you; to view her bluſhes, even upon a compliment of courſe; and to triumph in her confuſion upon any particular addreſs! Can there be a ſituation on earth more flattering than that of a lover conſcious of a reciprocal flame! And what ſurer proof can he require, than inſtances like theſe? How charming! to be expected with an impatience that her whole prudence cannot conceal; to be received with a welcome, which charms the more by the endeavors ſhe makes, in part, to hide her tranſport! She has dreſſed herſelf to your taſte; takes the very mien, the accent, the whole air of a perſon, that is known to be moſt agreeable to you. Before, ſhe uſed to adorn herſelf to charm your ſex in general; at preſent, her toilet is ſpread for you alone; for you theſe jewels, this ribbon, that bracelet, are put on; you the ſole object of her whole attire; you are become her ſecond ſelf; ſhe loves you over again in her own image!

ANECDOTE.

TWO perſons diſtinguiſhed by their excreſcences upon their backs, having accidentally come together in a public company, one of them turning round and rubbing his back againſt the other's, exclaimed, with great humour, "Who the devil will dare to ſay, in future, that mountains never meet?"

OF EVERY ONE'S THINKING HE HAS SOME ADVANTAGE OVER HIS NEIGHBOUR IN SOME PARTICULAR POINT.

[AN EXTRACT.]

THOUGH nothing is ſo common as to find every man diſſatisfied with the lot in which Providence has placed him, yet nothing is ſo certain as that no man (take his ſituation all in all) would be his neighbor inſtead of himſelf. The great Father of the Univerſe has graciouſly planted an inherent ſort of pride in the breaſts of all his creatures, which exalts them in their own opinion, and gives them an advantage over the reſt of the world in ſome particular point that compenſates for a thouſand inconveniences, and reconciles them to real or imaginary evils upon the whole.

If we examine the frame of the human mind, we ſhall ſoon ſee that every man holds much the ſame opinion of himſelf which he entertains of his country: he readily acknowledges, that in ſome particular circumſtances ſuch and ſuch a perſon has an advantage over him; but in the main thinks himſelf the ſuperior; and looks down with an air of diſdain upon all who are hardy enough to diſpute his pretenſions. A modern author has not deſcribed this national vanity unhappily:

"E'er the pale Ruſſian ſhivering, as he lies
Beneath the horror of his bittereſt ſkies,
While the loud tempeſt rattles o'er his head,
Or burſts all dreadful on his tott'ring ſhed,
Hugs a ſoft ſomething cloſely to his ſoul,
Which ſoothes the cutting ſharpneſs of the pole,
Elates his boſom with a conſcious pride,
And ſmiles contempt on all the world beſide."

But when we conſider theſe foundations for happineſs which Providence has placed in the minds of all his creatures, we cannot help admiring the goodneſs of the Divine Being, in making our very foibles a ſource of our felicity, and creating ſuch fountains of ſatisfaction from ſuch inconſiderable means.—What gratitude is there not then due to ſo all ſufficiently wiſe and beneficent a hand? Devotion itſelf is loſt in admiration in ſo ſtupendous a bounty, and ſcarcely knows which moſt to worſhip or adore.

But notwithſtanding we derive ſo much pleaſure from the indulgence of particular foibles, we ought always to be uncommonly careful how we take any ſatisfaction in indulging our faults. Thoſe, tho' for a moment they may afford us ſome degree of felicity, are always productive of anxiety and wretchedneſs in the end. Unfaſhionable as the doctrine of virtue and morality may appear, experience, however, fully convinceth us, that nothing elſe can lay a ſolid foundation for happineſs, and that every other baſis is, literally ſpeaking, building on the ſand, and graſping alone at emptineſs and air.

An Engliſh verſification of a Scotch Epigram, compoſed before the year 1600.

JACK! quoth his Father, can you tell
What ſtate will give me eaſe?
I tire, when *ſtanding*—when I *kneel*
Sharp pains invade my knees.

To *walk*—my feet all bliſters o'er,
My Back aches, if in Bed;
And if I *ſit*—my hips are ſore;
To *lean*—afflicts my head.

Yes, Sir! quoth Jack, one way remains,
The laſt within your pow'r,
Since none of theſe relieve your Pain,
Try *hanging*—half an hour.

MAXIM.

NOTHING is more rare than true goodneſs:—even thoſe who imagine they poſſeſs it having nothing more than complaiſance, or weakneſs.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

MY friends all declare that my time is miſpent,
While in rural retirement I rove,
I aſk no more wealth than dame fortune has ſent,
But the ſweet little girl that I love.

CHORUS.

The ſweet little girl that I love,
The roſe on her cheeks my delight,
She's ſoft as the down, as the down on the *dove*,
No lilly was ever ſo white as the ſweet little girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the ſcene,
For my fair one delights in my grove,
And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
With the ſweet little girl that I love.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
No fame but her praiſe with to prove,
My happineſs centres in *Betſey* alone,
She's the ſweet little girl that I love.

THE KISS.

WHEN firſt thy ſoft lips I but civilly preſs'd,
Eliza, how great was my bliſs!
The fatal contagion ran quick to my breaſt;
I loſt my poor heart with a kiſs.

And now, when ſupremely thus bleſt with your ſight,
I ſcarce can my tranſports reſtrain;
I wiſh, and I pant, to repeat the delight;
And I kiſs you again, and again.

In raptures I wiſh to enjoy all thoſe charms;
Still ſtealing from favour to favour—
Now, now, O ye Gods! let me fly to your arms,
And kiſs you forever and ever.

THE [illegible]
[illegible] delay of [illegible]

MY huſband, poor dear [illegible]! is dead and gone;
And left his loving Widow all alone,
Save two ſweet babes—Mine, ſure's a woeful caſe,
Till I obtain another in his place.

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

IT being mutually reſolved to diſſolve the partnerſhip account ſubſiſting between John and Mary Spindle, huſband and wife, in the pariſh of ———, and to carry on the buſineſs of matrimony on each their ſeparate account: If any gentleman or lady has any claim of love or affection on either of the ſaid partners, they are deſired to bring the ſame to be ſatisfied; and whoever is indebted to them, are hereby required to pay the ſaid debts to either of the partners, on account of the ſaid ſeparation, as ſoon as convenient.

WONDERFUL TREE OF MEXICO, CALLED METE.

THERE grows a tree at Mexico in America, called Mete, which the inhabitants plant, and dreſs as we do our vines. It has forty kind of leaves, which ſerve for many uſes; for when they are tender, they make of them conſerves, paper, flax, mantles, mats, ſhoes, girdles, and cordage.

On theſe leaves grow certain prickles, ſo ſtorng and ſharp, that they uſe them inſtead of ſaws; from the root of this tree comes a juice like ſyrup, which if you ſettle it, will become honey; if you purify it, it will become ſugar. You may alſo make wine and vinegar with it. The rhind roaſted heal: hurts and ſores; and from the top boughs drops a gum which is an excellent antidote againſt poiſon.

Philadelphia, *July* 18.

COMMUNICATION.

From the complexion of the various toasts given throughout the United States, it appears that *Lord* Jay, prime minister of the union, has been most unmercifully roasted by a set of sphenetic democrats. It is somewhat difficult to conjecture the true reason why his *Lordship* should incur such an unprecedented share of public odium; and the universal prevalence of popular clamour is certainly such an unpardonable piece of injustice as his gracious majesty will never suffer to pass with impunity. Who is he so cordially damned? Ought he to be execrated for sacrificing his countrymen who are comparatively as abject as pismires before him? Who sink into ineffable insignificance before HIM, who reflects such glorious emanations from the divine effulgence of monarchy? Where would have been the injustice had his *fiat* metamorphosed our navy into dung boats instead of vessels of MANY tons?

Our mother country has ever evinced the utmost ardency of maternal solicitude for our prosperity. She has, to be sure, chastized us once in a while when we were refractory, but what woman of sense would "spare the rod and spoil the child"? We have with laudable submission kissed the rod of correction; like true blooded spaniels lavished our caresses upon the hand of chastizement in proportion to the stripes inflicted; while we have barked at, and bit the toad eaters of France, who wished to defile us by their fraternal embraces. We despised their clemency, and chose rather to send his *Lordship* over sea to implore mercy from our great *pater familias* of Britain, and to whisper in his ear that for the future we intended to be good children; and why is America actuated by such a base principle of ingratitude as to traduce the character of a man who has spurned the dangers of the sea to serve his country? Whence proceeds this universal hubbub about kissing the queen? There could surely be no criminality in such an act of endearment, provided his majesty was present, and had he even condescended to kiss her toe, &c. it would have been so far from incurring the least tincture of guilt, that his lips would on the contrary have been considered to be tattooed by the ignoble and homespun dames of America. After the fatigues of his passage he required some such gentle refreshive, and while he was indulged in a rapturous *tete a tete* with the princess Sophia or Elizabeth what cared he about the fabrication of treaties! It would have been derogatory to their royal highnesses for him to have neglected their puissances for the discussion of treaties; and it is to be feared that their majesties are already egregiously offended at his impoliteness and inattention in having waited so much of his precious time as to affix his signature to the treaty.

It has been generally reported that his *Lordship* had no finger in the pye, and now could it be supposed that he should relinquish his royal game to bother himself with the ambiguities of negociation? The treaty was obligingly framed to his hands without the necessity of his intervention, and it indicated such consummate wisdom that a majority in our Senate thought it sacrilege and presumption to question the integrity and abilities of their superiors.

Translated from the Courier Francais.

Philadelphia, July 15.

A Society of French Republicans partook yesterday of a frugal repast, in commemoration of the 14th July.

The following Toasts were drank with applause.

The French Republic, one, indivisible, democratic and victorious.

The Republic of America; may she never mistake *Jays for Eagles.*

The Republic of Holland; success to her arms against England.

Pichegru, and other Generals, Citizen-Soldiers.

French loyalty; the fair sex; the old, and the unhappy.

The memory of Dugommier.

Franklin, and his principles.

Advertisement.

The French Republicans, assembled yesterday, at Richardet's, voted that the fete of the 14th July should be put off to the 10th August, when the Two Fetes united on the same day, shall be celebrated with great pomp and eclat.

From the New-London paper of July 9.

Capt. A. Sheffield arrived here yesterday in 21 days from Turk's Island, and gave us verbally the following intelligence:—Captain Anthony, in a vessel belonging to Newport, arrived at Turk's Island from St. Thomas's the day Capt. Sheffield sailed from thence, and informed him that twelve French ships of the line and 19,000 troops had arrived at Guadaloupe, and that 4 ships of the line had arrived at St. Thomas's to purchase provisions. Two days before the arrival of the French ships at St. Thomas's, flour was offered there by the captains of two vessels from Philadelphia at 9 dollars per barrel. A captain of a vessel belonging to Halifax, arrived likewise the day before Captain Sheffield sailed, and informed that the British cruising frigates were all driven into Barbadoes by the French. Capt. Tracy arrived from St. Bartholemews, likewise informs, that the same intelligence was at that island, but not fully authenticated.

In a late communication to the National Assembly of France, from one of their armies in Spain, it is stated, that one thousand French, defeated and pursued for several miles, four columns of Spaniards, each consisting of eight thousand men.

Improvement in making Brick.

The ingenious Mr. Kinsley, of New-York, (formerly of New-England) has invented a method of making brick on a *plan entirely new*, and which promises to be of great public utility, as it does not require one-tenth of the manual labour which the present mode does. The treading out the clay and moulding the brick by hand are entirely exploded. We do not know the exact process, but are assured, that the clay is prepared, and 18,000 bricks made in a day, with the assistance of only one man and a few boys to carry off the bricks. A gentleman in Hartford (Connecticut) has purchased of Mr. Kinsley, a right of using this invention in that city, and is now carrying on the business to great extent.

From the American Vice-Consul at Havre, May 4, 1795.

DELAMOTTE, Vice-Consul of the United States of America, informs the American Merchants and Captains, that from an arrangement made between the English, Spaniards, and Dey of Algiers, the Algerine Corsairs are permitted to sail out of the Mideterranean, and that in consequence a Courier has been dispatched to Portugal, to call in their ships, the Dey having promised to respect the Trade of Portugal, under certain conditions.

NEW-YORK, July 14.

A letter from Dublin to a gentleman in this city, says,—"The recal of Earl Fitzwilliam, was thought to have blasted the hopes of the people of Ireland: But it has done more to UNITE them in their common cause, than all the Reform Societies in the Kingdom. Scarcely a Parish in which there has not been a meeting of both Roman Catholics and Protestants, mutually agreeing to banish all Religious Animosity, and to STAND and FALL TOGETHER in the JUST pursuit of their COMMON RIGHTS!—The leading characters in Parliament for property and ability; (such as Grattan, Ponsonby, &c.) speak in the loudest and most determined manner against the measures of the present ruinous Government; so that you need not be surprized if you hear before November next, of a Reform in our Irish Politics—or, perhaps,—SOMETHING MORE!!!"

Capt. Page, in the ship Halcyon, exploring a passage from Botany-Bay for China, discovered a new Spice-Island, in the neighbourhood of New-Guinea, which he took possession of in the name of the United States of America.

CHARLESTON, June 25.

Extract of a letter from capt. William Heysham, late of the Ship Thomas, belonging to this port, dated Nassau, N. P. 10th June, 1795.

"I expect by this time you have heard of my being stopped by an armed banditti, headed by a Mr. Hunter, owner, and capt. Thurston, master, of the Dragon Privateer. On the 18th of last month while my ship was under way to proceed to Charleston, they by force of arms took full possession of her: I immediately with my crew, left the ship to them. I shall proceed with all possible dispatch to Charleston, with such documents as will fully explain this unprecedented business."

LONDON, May 29.

On Wednesday night Ministers received accounts from Paris of the 25th instant. A paper of that date states, that the principal authors and abettors of the late attack upon the Convention, having taken shelter in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, one of the nurseries of insurrection since the commencement of the Revolution, an armed force of 50,000 men was drawn round this Fauxbourg to prevent escape, and the inhabitants compelled to deliver up all those against whom the Committee had informations, who were tried, condemned and executed.

When the mob was besetting the Convention on the 20th, and calling for bread, and the Constitution of 1793, some of the most clamourous being asked by persons who went among them for the purpose of appeasing the ferment, whether they thought the Constitution of 1793, a granary that would afford perpetual abundance, answered, *we don't know, we can't read.*

Whatever may have been the intentions of the instigators of this tumult, it is worthy of remark, that *Royalty* is still a word of two bad repute in Paris to be employed, even as the cry of excitement among the most ignorant and the most distressed of the populace. The number of men who armed to rescue the Convention is said to have been one hundred thousand; but as the mob is said to have been a million, the former is probably as much exaggerated as the latter must evidently be.

Private Tuition.

THE subscription school formerly kept in 4th, near Walnut-street, is removed to a large, commodious, airy room, No. 51 Fifth-street, first door up the alley, near the French consulate. This school is now conducted by an English and a French man; the former Professor from the University of Cambridge, member of the literary society of New-York, and translator of the Observer's Guide; the latter, a magistrate of distinguished abilities from Paris. The pupils (a limited number only) are instructed in the English and French languages, the classics, mathematics, and all other branches of a liberal education, fitting for the various offices and employments of life.

The subscribers two in rotation visit the school, once every week, and at the end of every quarter have a general meeting to examine into the progress of the pupils, and hear them declaim in French and English. To them is submitted the system of education composed by the teachers, with such improvements as they conceive a change of times and circumstances has rendered necessary; tending to smooth and shorten the road to useful knowledge.

Those who wish to become subscribers are requested to apply at the office of the editors of the Observer's Guide, south 5th street No. 55.

☞ *This Office is removed to No.* 224, *Market-Street, (south side) two doors from the corner of Seventh-Street, where a continuation of public patronage is respectfully solicited.*

Court of Apollo.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

THE PROSTITUTE.

DAUGHTERS of vanity attend;
Ye sons of riot hear
The lovely, lost Maria's end,
And drop a silent tear.

Lift to the solemn passing bell
Behold the sable pall;
The awful sound thus seems to tell
This is the end of all.

Maria once was young and gay
In beauty's blooming pride,
Sweet as the fragrant breath of May,
And innocent beside.

Her form was faultless and her mind
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane, and kind;
And virtue warmed her heart.

But ah! the cruel spoiler came,
Admired her charms and youth
He felt, or feigned to fell, a flame
And vow'd eternal truth.

Free from disguise herself, she thought
Her lover as sincere;
To hide her tenderness ne'er sought,
But told it without fear.

She said she loved—one fatal hour;
The villain pleased to find
The lovely creature in his power,
Poison'd her artless mind.

He talk'd of laws by nature made,
The dearest of all ties;
The heedless girl by love betray'd
Believ'd his specious lies.

Her honour gone, reduced to shame,
He leaves the ruined fair!
With cruel taunting blasts her fame,
And laughs at her despair!

Her father heard the shocking tale,
Anger inflamed his breast;
Repentant prayers would nought avail,
All nature was suppress'd.

In vain with tears she bath'd his feet,
And vow'd to err no more
He said, *her home should be the street*
And thrust her to the door!

Her sex her miseries insult;
Contempt she meets in all:
Some *boast their virtue* and exult
In poor Maria's fall!

Unpitied, wretched, and undone,
No friend to take her part,
To teach her future crimes to shun,
Or sooth her aching heart.

At first, Oh! horrible to name!
She's infamous *for bread;*
Till lost to every sense of shame!
She meets it without dread.

A while in folly's giddy maze,
Thoughtless her time she spends;
While pleasure seems to wait her days,
And joy each step attends.

But vice soon robs her lovely face
Of all its wonted bloom;
While black remorse, and pale disease,
Her tender frame consume.

That bloom she now supplies by art
And cheerfulness she feigns;
But still her poor dejected heart
Feels agonizing pains.

Plung'd in distress none would relieve,
Maria walks the streets;
By casual prostitution lives,
Expos'd to colds and heats!

That voice which once in accents mild,
'Twas music but to hear,
By words obscene is now defil'd,
Offensive to the ear.

Cold blew the wind, descending snow,
Clad nature all in white;
Maria, now the child of woe,
Braves the tempestuous night.

Passing her vile seducer's door,
The sight past scenes recals;
With tears her languid eyes run o'er;
Low on the ground she falls.

"And must these steps," she weeping cried
"Support my aching head?
Ah! would to heaven that I had died,
Ere innocence was fled!

And thou false man, whose specious lies,
My easy heart did gain:
Behold the lost Maria dies
Thro' famine, grief, and pain.

Oh, come and take my parting sigh,
And hear me vow to heaven;
As I forgive thee, so may I,
Hereafter be forgiven!

But, Oh, my father, nature sure
Might plead within thy breast;
Why didst thou drive me from thy door?
Why leave me when distress'd?

Hadst thou but pardon'd my first fault;
Hadst thou but been my friend;
I'd ne'er, thro' grief and shame, been brought
To this most wretched end.

Or had some generous woman strove,
A falling wretch to raise;
I now, with gratitude and love,
Had lived to speak her praise."

A poor man passing heard her mourn,
But little was his store:
He thought to share it; in return
Just heaven would give him more.

He gently raised her on her feet,
And led her to his home;
A poor straw bed, and matted seat,
Were all that deck'd his room.

Some milk with hand humane he brought,
And cheer'd the dying fair;
With pious prayer to sooth her thought,
And chase away despair.

"Reward him, heaven, for what he's done,
For I've no power," she cried:—
The accents faulter'd on her tongue;
She grasp'd her hand and died.

EXTEMPORE,

On Miss All-Day.

YOUR name, sure Miss All-day, can never be right,
Could I have my wish I would have you All-night!

The Lady's Answer.

Your amendment, kind sir, is deserving of praise,
But, alas! your All-night would not last all my days.

ANECDOTE

Of the Rev. Samuel Moody.

Mr. Moody was often subjected to distress, or to straits at least, in his progress thro' life; which, no doubt, had a happy tendency to expand his heart, and while it yielded a tear for the misery of others, made his hand readily administer its aid, as far as his scanty finances would allow, and sometimes, apparently, further. After a season of difficulty, he fortunately received a small sum of money:—Mrs. Moody (fearing the ill effects of her husbands liberality, and judging it proceeded from an impetuous flow of generosity, which perhaps might be restrained, had he time for reflection) by some means got his purse, and tied the strings in a great number of hard knots.—Mr. Moody, soon after, met an object of charity:—distress was pleaded, and his ready hand drew forth the purse, for the contents of which he never knew a better mode of application: Some of the knots he untied, others were too firmly fixed to submit to that operation.—Patience gave way—The worthy old divine reached his benevolent hand to the beggar—"Here," says he, "e'en take purse and all: you have perhaps more patience than I—untie the strings at leisure."

How to make Excuses.

From Exshaw's Gentleman and London Magazine.

In forming excuses, according to the common practice, the following rules are to be observed—

1. *The same excuses as seldom repeated as possible—*

2. *That the excuses be as various and as plausible as possible—*

3. *By way of maxim—every kind and degree of excuse deserves to be tried, because there is much less inconvenience in postponing a debt than in paying it, and the advantages of giving words and parting with money are all on the side of the former.*

To example these rules permit me to state a case. Y. Z. owes me a bill, I sent it in, on the first day of July. Now mark the excuses in succession.

July 1. "*O! this is M——bill, call again any time next week.*"

July 9. "*Not at home.*" *When will he be at home.—*"*Any time to-morrow.*"

July 10. "*Has a gentleman with him*"—*Waits an hour—*"*Oh, ah! this is the bill—ay—hum! Look on it Monday.*" *Monday.* "*Not at home—gone to the courts*"

Thursday. "*Leave the bill, and I'll look over it.*"

23. "*Just gone out.*

29. "*I am busy now, tell your master I'll call on him when I go out.*

August 16. "*Bless me I quite forgot to call—this bill is not discharged—bring me a receipt any time to-morrow or next day.*"

17. "*Gone to Locan, and won't be at home until next month.*"

September 12. "*What, did I not pay that bill before I went out of town? Are you going farther?*" *Yes.* "*Very well as you come back, I'll settle it.*" *Calls and he is gone to dinner at the Rock.*

15. "*Plague on this bill, I don't believe I have so much cash in the house, can you give me change for a* 100*l. note?*" *No.* "*Then call in as you past to-morrow.*"

18. "*Not at home.*"

25. "Appoint a day! *d——me what does your master mean. Tell him I'll call upon him, and know what he means by such a message.*

October 14. "*What no discount?*" *Sir it has been due this two years.*

"*There is your money then;*" *these guineas are light;* "*Then you must call again, I have no loose cash in the house.*"

And here ends the payment of £.9 14 6 with three of the guines light!